

Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isa. And 'twere the cheaper way:
 Better it were a brother did at once,
 Then that a sister, by redeeming him
 Should die for euer.

Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
 That you haue slander'd to?

Isa. Ignomie in ranfome, and free pardon
 Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
 Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tyrant,
 And rather prou'd the sliding of your brother
 A merriment, then a vice.

Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft falls out
 To haue, what we would haue,
 We speake not what we meane;
 I something do excuse the thing I hate,
 For his aduantage that I dearly loue.

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother die;
 If not a fedarie but onely he
 Owe, and succed thy weaknesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too;
Isa. I, as the glasse where they view themselves,
 Which are as easie broke as they make formes;
 Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
 In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
 For we are soft, as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I thinke it well;
 And from this testimonie of your owne sex
 (Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
 Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
 I do arrest your words. Behat you are,
 That is a woman; if you be more, you're none.
 If you be one (as you are well exprest
 By all externall warrants) shew it now;
 By putting on the destin'd Lingerie.

Isa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
 Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.

Isa. My brother did loue Iuliet;
 And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you giue me loue.

Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
 Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
 To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
 My words expresse my purpose.

Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
 And most pernicious purpose: Seeming, seeming.
 I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
 Signe me a present pardon for my brother;
 Or with an out-stretcht throte Ile tell the world aloud
 What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleeue thee *Isabell*?

My vnfold name, th'aufternesse of my life,
 My vouch against you, and my place in'th State,
 Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,
 That you shall stifle in your owne reporr;
 And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
 And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine;
 Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
 Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes
 That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
 By yielding vp thy bodie to my will,

Or else he must not onely die the death,
 But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out
 To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
 Or by the affection that now guides me most,
 Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit.*

Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
 Who would beleeue me? O perillous mouthes,
 That beare in them, one and the selfsame tongue,
 Either of condemnation, or approofe,
 Bidding the Law make curtisie to their will,
 Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
 To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
 Though he hath false by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
 That had he twentie heads to tender downe
 On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'd yield them vp,
 Before his sister should her bodie steepe
 To such abhord pollution.

Then *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die;
 "More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
 Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
 And fit his minde to death, for his foules rest. *Exit.*

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother die;
 If not a fedarie but onely he
 Owe, and succed thy weaknesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too;
Isa. I, as the glasse where they view themselves,
 Which are as easie broke as they make formes;
 Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
 In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
 For we are soft, as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I thinke it well;
 And from this testimonie of your owne sex
 (Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
 Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
 I do arrest your words. Behat you are,
 That is a woman; if you be more, you're none.
 If you be one (as you are well exprest
 By all externall warrants) shew it now;
 By putting on the destin'd Lingerie.

Isa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
 Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.

Isa. My brother did loue Iuliet;
 And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you giue me loue.

Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
 Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
 To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
 My words expresse my purpose.

Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
 And most pernicious purpose: Seeming, seeming.
 I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
 Signe me a present pardon for my brother;
 Or with an out-stretcht throte Ile tell the world aloud
 What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleeue thee *Isabell*?

My vnfold name, th'aufternesse of my life,
 My vouch against you, and my place in'th State,
 Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,
 That you shall stifle in your owne reporr;
 And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
 And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine;
 Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
 Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes
 That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
 By yielding vp thy bodie to my will,

Or else he must not onely die the death,
 But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out
 To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
 Or by the affection that now guides me most,
 Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit.*

Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
 Who would beleeue me? O perillous mouthes,
 That beare in them, one and the selfsame tongue,
 Either of condemnation, or approofe,
 Bidding the Law make curtisie to their will,
 Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
 To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
 Though he hath false by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
 That had he twentie heads to tender downe
 On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'd yield them vp,
 Before his sister should her bodie steepe
 To such abhord pollution.

Then *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die;
 "More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
 Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
 And fit his minde to death, for his foules rest. *Exit.*

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother die;
 If not a fedarie but onely he
 Owe, and succed thy weaknesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too;
Isa. I, as the glasse where they view themselves,
 Which are as easie broke as they make formes;
 Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
 In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
 For we are soft, as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I thinke it well;
 And from this testimonie of your owne sex
 (Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
 Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
 I do arrest your words. Behat you are,
 That is a woman; if you be more, you're none.
 If you be one (as you are well exprest
 By all externall warrants) shew it now;
 By putting on the destin'd Lingerie.

Isa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
 Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.

Isa. My brother did loue Iuliet;
 And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you giue me loue.

Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
 Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
 To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
 My words expresse my purpose.

Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
 And most pernicious purpose: Seeming, seeming.
 I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
 Signe me a present pardon for my brother;
 Or with an out-stretcht throte Ile tell the world aloud
 What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleeue thee *Isabell*?

My vnfold name, th'aufternesse of my life,
 My vouch against you, and my place in'th State,
 Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,
 That you shall stifle in your owne reporr;
 And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
 And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine;
 Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
 Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes
 That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
 By yielding vp thy bodie to my will,

Or else he must not onely die the death,
 But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out
 To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
 Or by the affection that now guides me most,
 Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit.*

Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
 Who would beleeue me? O perillous mouthes,
 That beare in them, one and the selfsame tongue,
 Either of condemnation, or approofe,
 Bidding the Law make curtisie to their will,
 Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
 To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
 Though he hath false by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
 That had he twentie heads to tender downe
 On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'd yield them vp,
 Before his sister should her bodie steepe
 To such abhord pollution.

Then *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die;
 "More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
 Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
 And fit his minde to death, for his foules rest. *Exit.*

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother die;
 If not a fedarie but onely he
 Owe, and succed thy weaknesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too;
Isa. I, as the glasse where they view themselves,
 Which are as easie broke as they make formes;
 Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
 In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
 For we are soft, as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I thinke it well;
 And from this testimonie of your owne sex
 (Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
 Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
 I do arrest your words. Behat you are,
 That is a woman; if you be more, you're none.
 If you be one (as you are well exprest
 By all externall warrants) shew it now;
 By putting on the destin'd Lingerie.

Isa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
 Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.

Isa. My brother did loue Iuliet;
 And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you giue me loue.

Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
 Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
 To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
 My words expresse my purpose.

Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
 And most pernicious purpose: Seeming, seeming.
 I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
 Signe me a present pardon for my brother;
 Or with an out-stretcht throte Ile tell the world aloud
 What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleeue thee *Isabell*?

My vnfold name, th'aufternesse of my life,
 My vouch against you, and my place in'th State,
 Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,
 That you shall stifle in your owne reporr;
 And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
 And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine;
 Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
 Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes
 That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
 By yielding vp thy bodie to my will,

Or else he must not onely die the death,
 But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out
 To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
 Or by the affection that now guides me most,
 Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit.*

Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
 Who would beleeue me? O perillous mouthes,
 That beare in them, one and the selfsame tongue,
 Either of condemnation, or approofe,
 Bidding the Law make curtisie to their will,
 Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
 To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
 Though he hath false by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
 That had he twentie heads to tender downe
 On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'd yield them vp,
 Before his sister should her bodie steepe
 To such abhord pollution.

Then *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die;
 "More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
 Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
 And fit his minde to death, for his foules rest. *Exit.*

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother die;
 If not a fedarie but onely he
 Owe, and succed thy weaknesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too;
Isa. I, as the glasse where they view themselves,
 Which are as easie broke as they make formes;
 Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
 In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
 For we are soft, as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I thinke it well;
 And from this testimonie of your owne sex
 (Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
 Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
 I do arrest your words. Behat you are,
 That is a woman; if you be more, you're none.
 If you be one (as you are well exprest
 By all externall warrants) shew it now;
 By putting on the destin'd Lingerie.

Isa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
 Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Pronost.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?

Cl. The miserable haue no other medicine
 But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
 If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
 That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
 Semble to all the skye-influences,
 That dost this habitation where thou keepst
 Houerly afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
 For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
 For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,
 Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
 For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
 Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
 And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grosellie fearst
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
 For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
 That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certaine,
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
 For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
 Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a iournie,
 And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none,
 For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
 The meere effusion of thy proper loines
 Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
 But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
 Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
 Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich
 Thou

Cl. The miserable haue no other medicine
 But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
 If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
 That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
 Semble to all the skye-influences,
 That dost this habitation where thou keepst
 Houerly afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
 For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
 For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,
 Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
 For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
 Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
 And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grosellie fearst
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
 For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
 That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certaine,
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
 For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
 Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a iournie,
 And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none,
 For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
 The meere effusion of thy proper loines
 Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
 But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
 Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth begged the almes
 Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich
 Thou

Cl. The miserable haue no other medicine
 But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
 If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
 That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
 Semble to all the skye-influences,
 That dost this habitation where thou keepst
 Houerly afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
 For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
 For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,
 Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
 For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
 Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
 And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grosellie fearst
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
 For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
 That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certaine,
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
 For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
 Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a iournie,
 And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none,
 For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
 The meere effusion of thy proper loines
 Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
 But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
 Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth begged the almes
 Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich
 Thou

Cl. The miserable haue no other medicine
 But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
 If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
 That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
 Semble to all the skye-influences,
 That dost this habitation where thou keepst
 Houerly afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
 For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
 For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,
 Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
 For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
 Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
 And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grosellie fearst
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
 For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
 That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certaine,
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
 For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
 Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a iournie,
 And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none,
 For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
 The meere effusion of thy proper loines
 Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
 But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
 Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth begged the almes
 Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich
 Thou

Cl. The miserable haue no other medicine
 But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
 If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
 That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
 Semble to all the skye-influences,
 That dost this habitation where thou keepst
 Houerly afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
 For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
 For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,
 Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
 For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
 Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
 And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grosellie fearst
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
 For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
 That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certaine,
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
 For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
 Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a iournie,
 And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none,
 For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
 The meere effusion of thy proper loines
 Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
 But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
 Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth begged the almes
 Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich
 Thou

Cl. The miserable haue no other medicine
 But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
 If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
 That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
 Semble to all the skye-influences,
 That dost this habitation where thou keepst
 Houerly afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
 For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
 For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,
 Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
 For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
 Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
 And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grosellie fearst
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
 For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
 That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certaine,
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
 For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
 Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a iournie,
 And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none,
 For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
 The meere effusion of thy proper loines
 Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
 But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
 Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth begged the almes
 Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich
 Thou

Cl. The miserable haue no other medicine
 But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
 If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
 That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
 Semble to all the skye-influences,
 That dost this habitation where thou keepst
 Houerly afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
 For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
 For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,
 Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
 For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
 Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
 And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grosellie fearst
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
 For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
 That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certaine,
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
 For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bow